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THREE NEW STORIES
START THIS ISSUE

CONTENTS

DEATHWATCH NEW! NEW! NEW! Drawn from the elite of the mighty Adeptus Astartes, the Deathwatch are truly humanity's finest!

Script Jim Alexander *Pencils.* Dan Lapham *Inks* Graham Stoddart *Letters* Fiona Stephenson

TITAN NEW! NEW! NEW! Thrust through the reality bending Warp, the crew of Imperius Dictatio find themselves trapped on a bizarre alien world. (For the full Titan back story visit www.blacklibrary.com/titan)

Script Dan Abnett *Art* Anthony Williams *Letters:* Fiona Stephenson

HELLBRANDT GRIMM To some he is a hero, noble and proud. To others he is a murderer, deceitful and vile. But to many he's the only hope they've got nothing but a murderer, deceitful and vile. But to many he's the only hope they've got

Script Mitchel Scanlon *Art:* The Sharp Brothers *Letters* Fiona Stephenson

TALES FROM THE TEN-TAILED CAT The Ten-Tailed Cat in Talabheim, known as a gathering place for raconteurs and the tellers of tall tales.

Script Mitchel Scanlon *Art* Jon Haward *Letters* Fiona Stephenson

ALIEN HUNTERS Our Imperium is surrounded by the invading alien, and as humanity reaches out further into the stars, the threat continues to grow. But we have a potent weapon to wield: the Deathwatch!

WHAT DO YOU

think of the new redesign then? Pretty snazzy if I do say so myself, but sitting at this angle to write my editorial is going to wreak havoc with my back before too long. It's been a busy month here at Black Library towers – not only do we have the new look Warhammer Monthly out this month, but also the Eternal Damnation graphic novel which collects some of the best Warhammer 40,000 strips from the past few years, and the long awaited Liber Chaotica: Slaanesh background book. Be warned: this one is definitely for the mature readers among you. We're also heading out on the road this month to bring a touch of Black Library style carnage to the Comics 2003 festival in Bristol, England on the 24th & 25th of May. If you're in the area then come along and say hello. *CD*

Warhammer Monthly reprinted issue 66.

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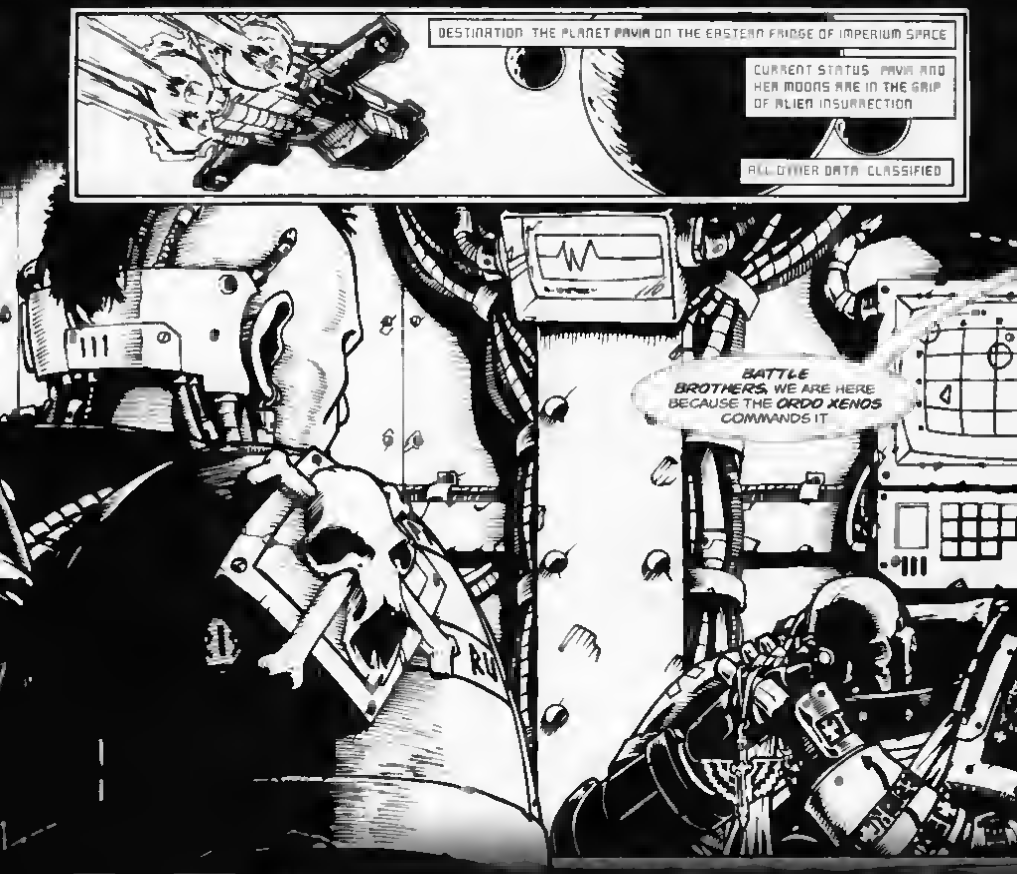
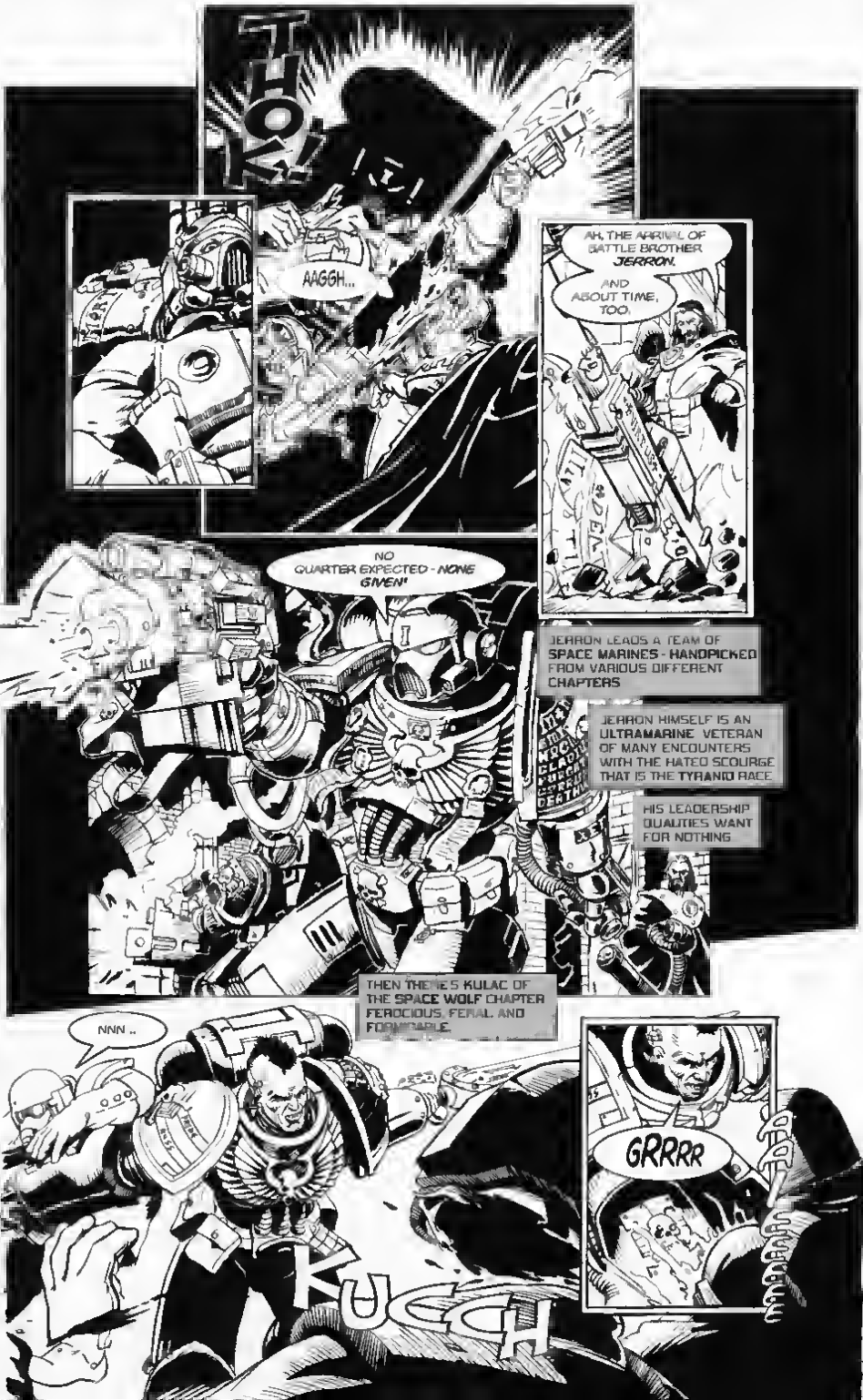

DESTINATION: THE PLANET PAVIA ON THE EASTERN FRINGE OF IMPERIUM SPACE
CURRENT STATUS: PAVIA AND HER MOONS ARE IN THE GRIP OF ALIEN INSURRECTION
ALL OTHER DATA: CLASSIFIED
BATTLE BROTHERS, WE ARE HERE BECAUSE THE ORDO XENOS COMMANDS IT.

DEATHWATCH

STORY: JIM ALEXANDER • PENCILS: DAN LAPHAM • INK: GRAHAM STODDARD • LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON

STANDARD PROCEDURE AVOID DETECTION FROM THE PLANET'S SURFACE
MAKE CONTACT WITH INQUISITOR MESTAN OF THE ORDO XENOS AND RECEIVE FURTHER ORDERS
IMPERIAL GUARD BUNKER, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF FAVIA CITY
BEHIND ME, TECRON
UGGH
NO ESCAPE FOR YOU, INQUISITOR

PICKING UP HEAT TRACES LAS-FIRE RECENT
OPERATIONS
UNINVITED GUESTS
OUR FORCES ARE INSIDE THE DUOMO WALLS - TOTAL VICTORY DRAWS NEAR
NEWS OF YOUR DEATH, INQUISITOR CAN ONLY BRING THAT DAY CLOSER!
SUPPOSE IT MUST
ONE FINAL REQUEST TO LOOK UPON THE FACE OF MY EXECUTIONER!
THE CORRUPTION.
YOU ARE BRANDED DYING OF CORRUPTION AND DISEASE.
BUT STILL WE GO ON IN THE NAME OF THE PATRIARCH
...YOU MUST DIE, INQUISITOR!

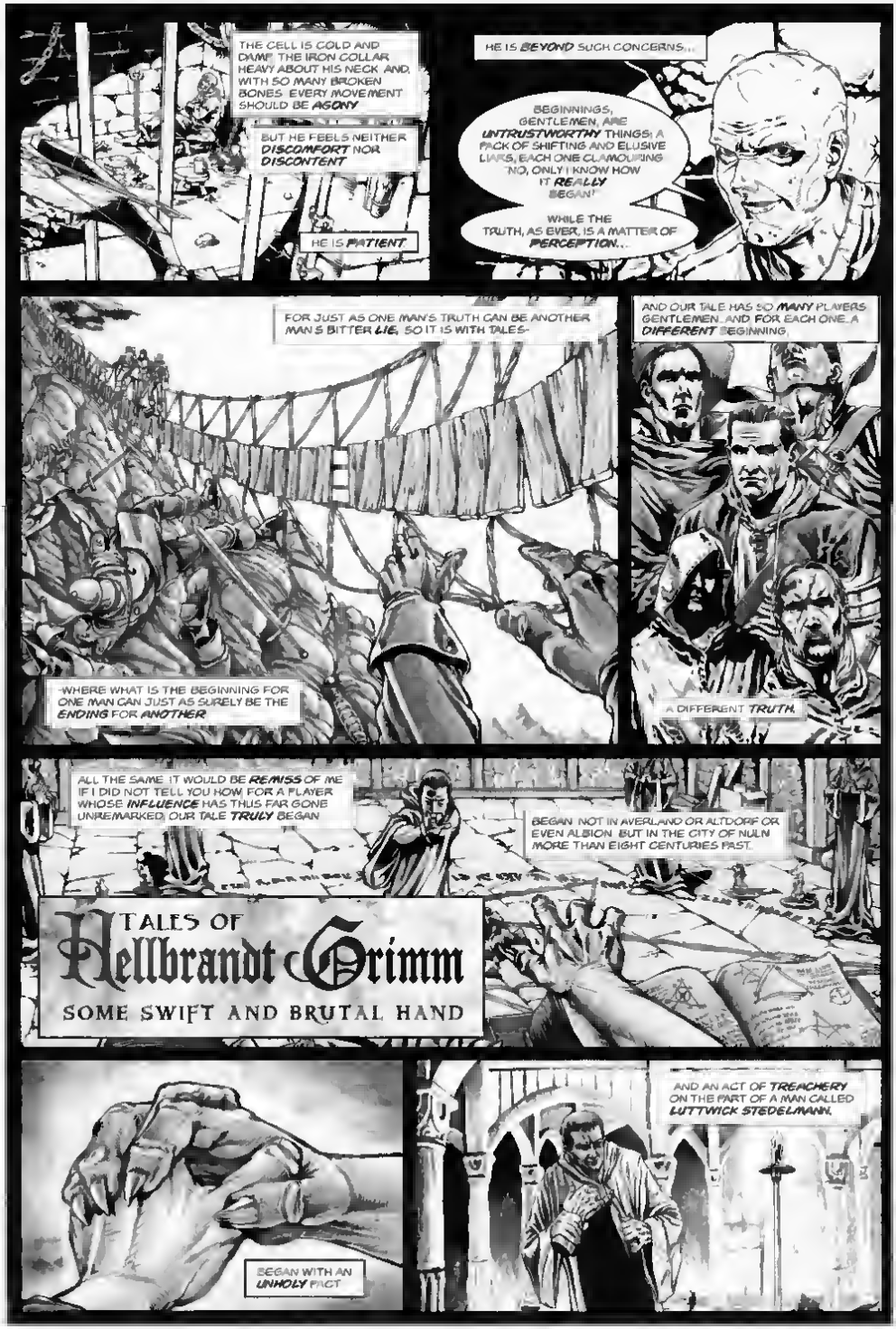

THOK!
AAGGH...
AH, THE ARRIVAL OF BATTLE BROTHER JERRON.
AND ABOUT TIME, TOO.
NO QUARTER EXPECTED - NONE GIVEN!
JERRON LEADS A TEAM OF SPACE MARINES - HANDPICKED FROM VARIOUS DIFFERENT CHAPTERS
JERRON HIMSELF IS AN ULTRAMARINE VETERAN OF MANY ENCOUNTERS WITH THE HATED SCOURGE THAT IS THE TYRANID RACE
HIS LEADERSHIP QUALITIES WANT FOR NOTHING
THEN THERE'S KULAC OF THE SPACE WOLF CHAPTER FEROCIOUS, FERAL AND FORMIDABLE
NNN ..
GRRRR
KUCH

THE DOOM EAGLE, KEILOR — THE TECH MARINE OF THE TEAM
BONDED WHERE THE MAN BEGINS AND THE MACHINERY OF HIS SUIT ENDS HAS BECOME INDISTINGUISHABLE
THE DOOM EAGLES CHAPTER HAS A STRANGE, FATALISTIC ATTRACTION TO DESPAIR
KEILOR SHOULD FEEL RIGHT AT HOME IN PAVIA CITY.
THE NOVAMARINE, SCULLION, EFFICIENT, NO-NONSENSE, PLAYS IT STRAIGHT BY THE BOOK.
THE SALAMANDER, VENTERS, HIS HEAVY BOLTER WAS SMELTED FROM THE VOLCANIC FIRE OF HIS HOMEWORLD.
VENTERS
ALONG WITH KEILOR, THE ONLY MARINE TO HAVE SERVED UNDER JERRON ON A PREVIOUS MISSION
THE DARK ANGEL WHO WILL NOT SPEAK HIS NAME.
USURPERS YOU HAVE TURNED AWAY FROM THE EMPEROR'S DIVINE LIGHT
REJOICE FOR SALVATION IS FINALLY AT HAND FOR I GIVE YO...
...CLEANSING...

TOGETHER, THEY SERVE THAT PART OF THE INQUISITION CHARGED WITH THE CONTAINMENT AND EXTERMINATION OF ALIEN RACES
THE CHAMBER MILITANT OF THE ORDO XENOS
THEY ARE DEATHWATCH.
DARK ANGEL, THE ANCIENT FEUD BETWEEN OUR TWO CHAPTERS IS WITHOUT END. FOR THE DISHONOUR YOUR JOHNSON COMMITTED ON OUR PRIMARCH CAN NEVER BE FORGOTTEN.
MY EVERY SINEW MY VERY BEING - SHRIEKS TO AVENGE THE WRONG DONE TO US!
AS IT SHOULD BE EACH TIME THE LION ENCOUNTERS THE WOLF AND AS IT MUST BE.
FOR I WONDER SAVAGE- IF YOU HAVE ANY UNDERSTANDING OF THE WORD HONOUR ?
BY THE EMPEROR'S BENIGN GRACE I LOOK FORWARD TO BEATING IT INTO YOU.

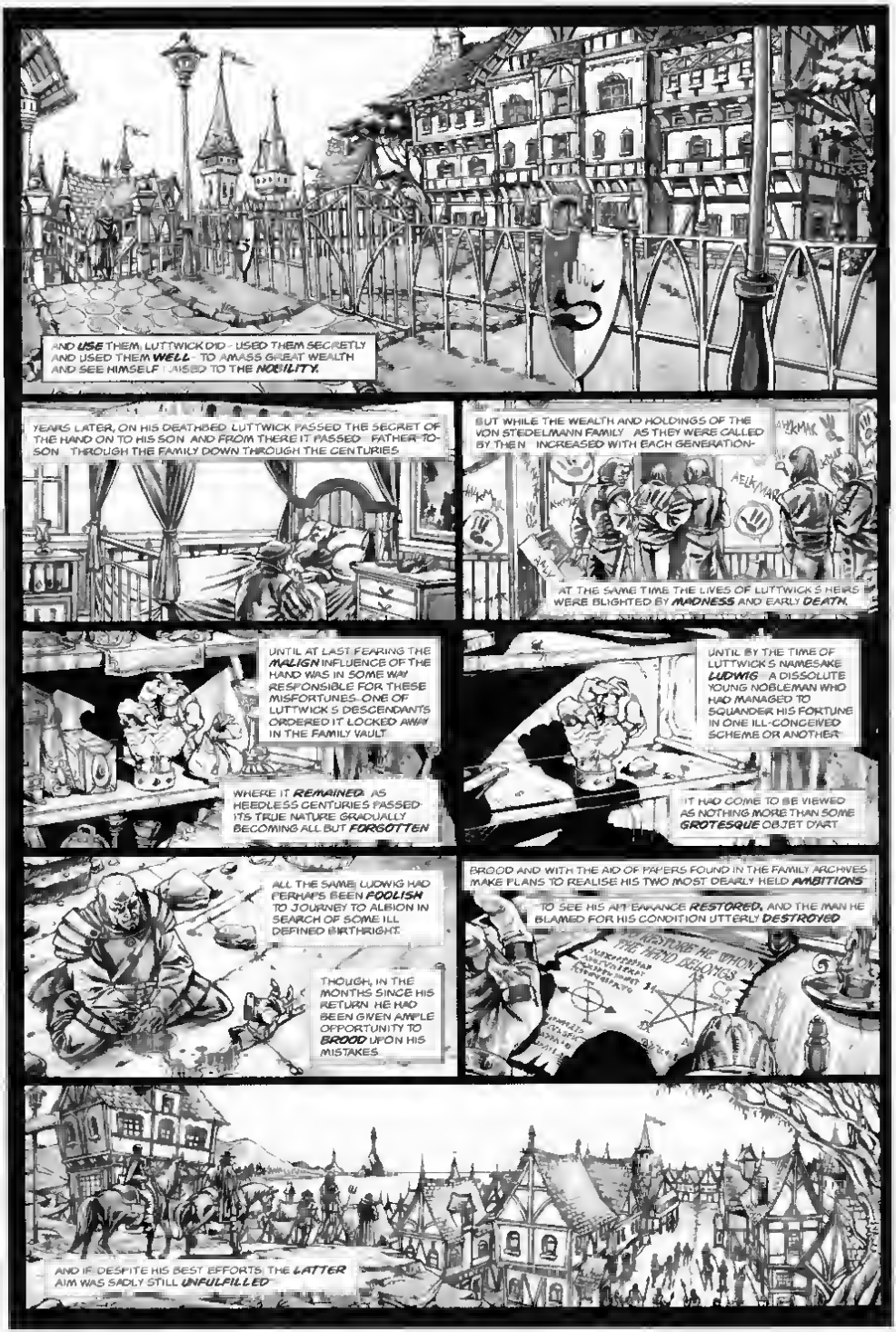
TOGETHER, THEY ARE ANSWERABLE TO ME
INQUISITOR MESTAN
BATTLE BROTHER JERRON YOU HAVE MY GRATITUDE
IT IS CLEAR THOSE IMPERIAL GUARDSMEN WERE IN THE THRALL OF SOME STRAIN OF GENESTEALER CULT.
WE HAVE 48 HOURS BEFORE THE THUNDERHAWK THAT BROUGHT US HERE MAKES A SWEEP OF THE AREA FOR US. ONE SWEEP. ONE CHANCE ONLY OF GETTING OFF THE PLANET
THE CULT'S ATTACK ON YOUR PERSON, COINCIDING WITH OUR MEETING CONSTITUTES A SERIOUS SECURITY BREACH.
FINDING ITS SOURCE MUST BE OUR FIRST PRIORITY
I AGREE THAT TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE. AS FOR OUR BREACH...
URRR
CONSIDER IT DEALT WITH.

NEXT: STAND OFF IN PAVIA CITY


THE CELL IS COLD AND DAMP. THE IRON COLLAR HEAVY ABOUT HIS NECK AND, WITH SO MANY BROKEN BONES, EVERY MOVEMENT SHOULD BE AGONY
BUT HE FEELS NEITHER DISCOMFORT NOR DISCONTENT
HE IS PATIENT
HE IS BEYOND SUCH CONCERNS...
BEGINNINGS, GENTLEMEN, ARE UNTRUSTWORTHY THINGS! A PACK OF SHIFTING AND ELUSIVE LIARS, EACH ONE CLAMOURING 'NO, ONLY I KNOW HOW IT REALLY BEGAN!'
WHILE THE TRUTH, AS EVER, IS A MATTER OF PERCEPTION...
FOR JUST AS ONE MAN'S TRUTH CAN BE ANOTHER MAN'S BITTER LIE, SO IT IS WITH TALES-
-WHERE WHAT IS THE BEGINNING FOR ONE MAN CAN JUST AS SURELY BE THE ENDING FOR ANOTHER.
AND OUR TALE HAS SO MANY PLAYERS, GENTLEMEN, AND FOR EACH ONE, A DIFFERENT BEGINNING.
A DIFFERENT TRUTH.
ALL THE SAME, IT WOULD BE REMISS OF ME IF I DID NOT TELL YOU HOW, FOR A PLAYER WHOSE INFLUENCE HAS THUS FAR GONE UNREMARKED, OUR TALE TRULY BEGAN
BEGAN NOT IN AVERLAND OR ALTDORF OR EVEN ALBION, BUT IN THE CITY OF NULN MORE THAN EIGHT CENTURIES PAST.
TALES OF
Hellbrandt Grimm
SOME SWIFT AND BRUTAL HAND
BEGAN WITH AN UNHOLY PACT.
AND AN ACT OF TREACHERY ON THE PART OF A MAN CALLED LUTTWICK STEDELMANN.

SCRIPT: MITCHEL SCANLON ART: THE SHARP BROTHERS LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON

AN ABLE MAN BORN WITH A NATURAL TALENT FOR MAGIC IN AN ERA WHEN THAT WAS GROUNDS ENOUGH TO BE DRAGGED SCREAMING TO THE STAKE
LUTTWICK HAD BEEN FORCED TO DEVELOP HIS TALENT IN SECRET IN TIME DRAWING A CABAL OF LIKE MINDED SOULS AROUND HIM
BUT FOR LUTTWICK THE PRACTICE OF MAGIC WAS NOT AN END IN ITSELF MERELY AN INSTRUMENT BY WHICH TO ACHIEVE THE WEALTH AND POWER HE CRAVED
AND, IT WAS WITH THIS IN MIND THAT HE AND HIS CABAL EMBARKED ON A MOST DANGEROUS UNDERTAKING TO SUMMON A DAEMON AND BIND IT FOREVER TO THEIR SERVICE
BUT LUTTWICK WAS A DEVIOUS MAN PLAYING A DOUBLE GAME UNKNOWN TO THE OTHERS HE HAD ALREADY CONTACTED THE DAEMON OFFERING IT HUMAN SOULS IN EXCHANGE FOR POWER
WHILE...ALL THE TIME...HE INTENDED TO BETRAY HIS FELLOW SORCERORS AND THE DAEMON BOTH.
THE CABALS SOULS WERE INDEED CONSUMED BUT IN THE PROCESS, THEIR ENERGIES WERE USED TO TRAP THE DAEMON IN A GRISLY PRISON
FOR LUTTWICK UNDERSTOOD THAT DAEMONS ARE CREATURES OF PURE MAGICAL ENERGY.
SSSSSSSSSSSSSS
AND IT WAS THIS ENERGY THE DAEMON'S SOUL, IF YOU WILL THAT HE CAPTURED, BINDING IT WITHIN THE PRISON OF ITS OWN SEVERED HAND.
AND SO IT WAS THE TALISMAN KNOWN AS THE HAND OF AELKMAR WAS CREATED
BUT LUTTWICK WAS TOO CANNY A MAN TO ALLOW CREATION OF SOMETHING THAT MIGHT ONE DAY BE USED AGAINST HIM.
SO HE SET CONDITIONS INTO THE BINDING ENCHANTMENTS HOLDING THE DAEMON IN PLACE ENSURING THAT ONLY HE OR THOSE OF HIS BLOOD COULD EVER USE ITS POWERS.


AND USE THEM, LUTTWICK DID - USED THEM SECRETLY AND USED THEM WELL - TO AMASS GREAT WEALTH AND SEE HIMSELF RAISED TO THE NOBILITY.
YEARS LATER, ON HIS DEATHBED LUTTWICK PASSED THE SECRET OF THE HAND ON TO HIS SON AND FROM THERE IT PASSED FATHER-TO-SON THROUGH THE FAMILY DOWN THROUGH THE CENTURIES.
BUT WHILE THE WEALTH AND HOLDINGS OF THE VON STEDELMANN FAMILY AS THEY WERE CALLED BY THEN INCREASED WITH EACH GENERATION-
AT THE SAME TIME THE LIVES OF LUTTWICK'S HEIRS WERE BLIGHTED BY MADNESS AND EARLY DEATH.
UNTIL AT LAST FEARING THE MALIGN INFLUENCE OF THE HAND WAS IN SOME WAY RESPONSIBLE FOR THESE MISFORTUNES ONE OF LUTTWICK'S DESCENDANTS ORDERED IT LOCKED AWAY IN THE FAMILY VAULT
WHERE IT REMAINED, AS HEEDLESS CENTURIES PASSED ITS TRUE NATURE GRADUALLY BECOMING ALL BUT FORGOTTEN
UNTIL BY THE TIME OF LUTTWICK'S NAMESAKE LUDWIG A DISSOLUTE YOUNG NOBLEMAN WHO HAD MANAGED TO SQUANDER HIS FORTUNE IN ONE ILL-CONCEIVED SCHEME OR ANOTHER
IT HAD COME TO BE VIEWED AS NOTHING MORE THAN SOME GROTESQUE OBJET D'ART
ALL THE SAME LUDWIG HAD PERHAPS BEEN FOOLISH TO JOURNEY TO ALBION IN SEARCH OF SOME ILL DEFINED BIRTHRIGHT
THOUGH, IN THE MONTHS SINCE HIS RETURN HE HAD BEEN GIVEN AMPLE OPPORTUNITY TO BROOD UPON HIS MISTAKES
BROOD AND WITH THE AID OF PAPERS FOUND IN THE FAMILY ARCHIVES MAKE PLANS TO REALISE HIS TWO MOST DEARLY HELD AMBITIONS
TO SEE HIS ART BAYANCE RESTORED, AND THE MAN HE BLAMED FOR HIS CONDITION UTTERLY DESTROYED
AND IF, DESPITE HIS BEST EFFORTS, THE LATTER AIM WAS SADLY STILL UNFULFILLED

"PREPARATIONS TO ACHIEVE THE *FORMER* WERE ALREADY WELL IN *HAND*
"IT WOULD SEEM OUR ROTTING NORSE FRIEND WAS NOT QUITE UP TO THE TASK WE *SET* HIM, COUSIN."
"THE SELLSWORD IS STILL ALIVE. AND HE APPEARS TO HAVE BROUGHT A *WITCH HUNTER* WITH HIM.
BUT NO MATTER
"THEY ARE *INSECTS*. ALL OF THEM. AND EVEN IF THEY COULD HAVE STOPPED US ONCE, IT IS *TOO LATE* FOR THAT *NOW*.
I STILL SAY WE SHOULD HAVE WAITED FOR VAN KROEL. LUDWIG. YOU SAID YOURSELF THAT BLACK POWDER WAS *VITAL* TO OUR PLANS

HMM? OH, THAT.
THAT BUSINESS WITH THE POWDER WAS SIMPLY A DIVERSION, COUSIN. A RUSE DESIGNED TO DRAW PURSUIT AWAY LONG ENOUGH FOR OUR PLANS TO REACH FRUITION.
TTT! YOU FORGET, COUSIN. ONCE OUR RITUAL HERE IS DONE, I WILL HAVE THE POWERS OF A GOD.
HNN. OR A DAEMON, AT LEAST.
BUT... WITHOUT THE POWDER, HOW WILL WE ESCAPE?
AH, THE FOUNDRY MASTER. I WANT YOU TO STOKE A FIRE FOR ME, OLD MAN. NOT ENOUGH TO BURN THIS CLAW AND MELT THE METAL BINDINGS ROUND IT.
HE! WANTINGS IS LIKE WISHINGS, STUMP HAND. YOU WANT A FIRE YOU'D BETTER BUILD IT YOURSELF. OLD BERNARD AIN'T GOING TO HELP.
NO. THEN PERHAPS YOU MIGHT SATISFY MY CURIOSITY AT LEAST.
YOU SEE I HAVE HEARD TELL THAT BRIMSTONE PRODUCES A THICK, ACRID SMOKE WHEN IT IS BURNED, AND I WOULD LIKE TO SEE IT FOR MYSELF.
AND YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT CATS AND CURIOSITY, DON'T YOU.
NO! PLEASE! DON'T HURT BRIMSTONE! I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU WANT!
THERE. I KNEW YOU COULD BE PERSUADED TO SEE THINGS MY
BUT THE MEN WHO HAD COME TO MARIENBURG ON LUDWIG'S TRAIL HAD NOT SPENT THEIR TIME IDLY EITHER!!

FOR HAVING ARRIVED TO FIND THE CITY IN UPROAR AND LEARNING THE FOUNDRY OF BERNARD SCHWARZFLIDER HAD BEEN SEIZED BY MERCENARIES UNDER THE COMMAND OF A DISFIGURED, ONE-HANDED MAN
IT WAS PLAIN ENOUGH TO GRIMM AND STEINHERZ WHERE THEIR QUARRY COULD BE FOUND.
AND SO GRIMM HAD OFFERED HIS SERVICES TO THE CITY FATHERS VOLUNTEERING TO LEAD A SMALL FORCE INTO THE FOUNDRY TO RESCUE THE HOSTAGES
AN OFFER WHICH UNAWARE OF GRIMM'S MOTIVE, HOSTAGES OR NO, WAS TO SEE A SETTLING OF ACCOUNTS WITH LUDWIG VON STEDELMANN THE BURGOMEISTERS HAD GRATEFULLY ACCEPTED
AHHHH, THAT'S BETTER.
SEE, WILHELM, I TOLD YOU I COULD GET A GOOD SHARP EDGE ON THIS OLD KNIFE OF MINE.
AND, MARK MY WORDS, THERE'LL BE PLENTY A THROATS NEED CUTTING BEFORE THIS BAD BUSINESS IS DONE.
WILHELM...!?
DID YOU HEAR SOME--
SHHHUNK
WHAT NOW, GRIMM?
NOW WITCH HUNTER WE FIND LUDWIG VON STEDELMANN, AND, WHEN WE DO-

WE PUT HIM AND HIS MEN TO THE SWORD
IO ERBETH IOPAKERBETH IOBOLKHOSETH IOPATATHNAX
LOUDER! KEEP CHANTING, DAMN YOU! WE ARE CLOSE! SO CLOSE!
IOSORO IONEBOUTOSOUALETH AKTIOPHI
YES!
YOU FEEL IT THE POWER WAITING TO BE UNLEASHED!
IO ERBETH IOPAKERBETH IOBOLKHOSETH IOPATATHNAX
IOSORO IONEBOUTOSOUALETH AKTIOPHI
NOW - AFTER ALL THESE MONTHS-
IO ERBETH IOPAKERBETH IOBOLKHOSETH IOPATATHNAX
IOSORO IONEBOUTOSOUALETH AKTIOPHI
-NNNNN-
-BY RIGHT OF MY BLOOD-
-I WILL BE RESTORED!
IO ERBETH IOPAKERBETH IOBOLKHOSETH IOPATATHNAX
IOSORO IONEBOUTOSOUALETH AKTIOPHI
EAARGHHHH!!
TO BE CONCLUDED

DEATHWATCH
ALIEN HUNTERS

Nothing will stop us. We are men of the Imperium, fit to rule the galaxy, armed with the certain knowledge that it is our birthright and our duty to do just that. If we shirk, or turn aside from our holy mission, we will die. Make no mistake about this. complacency is a luxury we cannot afford. The galaxy is a vast place, encompassing millions of suns and worlds. Trying to comprehend its magnitude is beyond the limitations of the minds of men. But nevertheless, like a stubborn and rampant weed, mankind has rooted deep and spread far. Our ambition knows no bounds, and our eyes always seek to see past the outermost star.

But this reckless expansion has a price; a price that many feel has yet to be paid. Hard history has taught us that we are not alone. The alien impinges on all sides. Too often we have groped blindly forward, nosing in the dark, sniffing for opportunity and profit. We must temper this eagerness, for it may cause our undoing.

As we expand across the galaxy, we stir up dust, uproot rocks and tunnel into the dirt. We do not know what we may uncover. Already the tyranids threaten our borders, and a new threat, the oft whispered necrons, can be added to or list of enemies.

The xenos breed is varied and diverse; but all share one common trait: they are all less than human. None can claim a place next to the righteous of the

universe! The Emperor is our guiding light, and through him we know that our cause is the correct one.

However, the aliens' inarguable inferiority does not mean they are not dangerous! On the contrary, the alien threat is difficult to overstress. For many, many centuries we have endured uncountable incursions into our territory. It has not always been possible to reclaim the ground back.

It is of great importance that we acknowledge one crucial factor: we may lose the battle. Many would cry heresy at such a statement, but it is my grave duty to say it. We must not shy away from this certainty, we must face up to it with a plan.

We have defences in place of course, our armies and navies travel the length and breadth of our blessed Imperium, seemingly holding back the swelling tide that crashes on our shores. But it is not their efforts alone that do this. There is another, altogether more potent force at work: the Deathwatch. It is on them that I pin our hope.

You have all heard of, and perhaps had dealing with the noble Ordos Xenos. Our Chamber Militant is the much vaunted Deathwatch.

It comprises solely of members of the Adeptus Astartes, the finest and most precious of our warriors. It is fitting that they paint their sacred armour black, for they bring death to that which is deadly. But this is not one single chapter dedicated to fighting the xenos threat. This is something far more effective.

Every chapter of our Space Marines has sworn sacred oaths to produce specially trained alien hunters. Tutored to the very highest of standards, and armed with only the very best equipment our forge-worlds can provide, they are the ultimate soldiers, with the sole mission to eradicate the unholy from our midst.

In this way, as threats arise, these very specialised troops can be

drawn together to react swifty and deal wlth them. Deathwatch bases and strongholds are dotted throughout the galaxy, ready to strike back at any emerging threat. They are our watchdogs, and what a cruel bite they havel l would give much to see these crusaders smite the foe with the Emperor's own wrathl

Although the Deathwatch paint their armour black, it never completely obscures the original colour, as to do so would dishonour the armour's spirit. They always leave a single shoulder plate bare to signify their Chapter of origin, and on the other plate they may bear the lcon of the Deathwatch, to signify the great honour bestowed in being chosen for this most noble and important task.

The length of time a Marine may spend in the Deathwatch depends on circumstance and when the commander deems it appropriate for the member to return to his chapter, this is often dictated by the particular mission he is on, which could last weeks, or even years. Their dedication is unswerving, their valour exemplary.

Without this tiny nucleus of men, the great armies and navies of the imperium would slowly crumble, and the tide of the xeno would rise unchecked around us. With their pinpoint methods of swift strike and extraction, the xenos has a foe more than a match for them. The Deathwatch's flexibility and adaptability ensures that whatever other dark creatures we uncover as we charge across the cosmos, we have a force to cope with the possible effects.

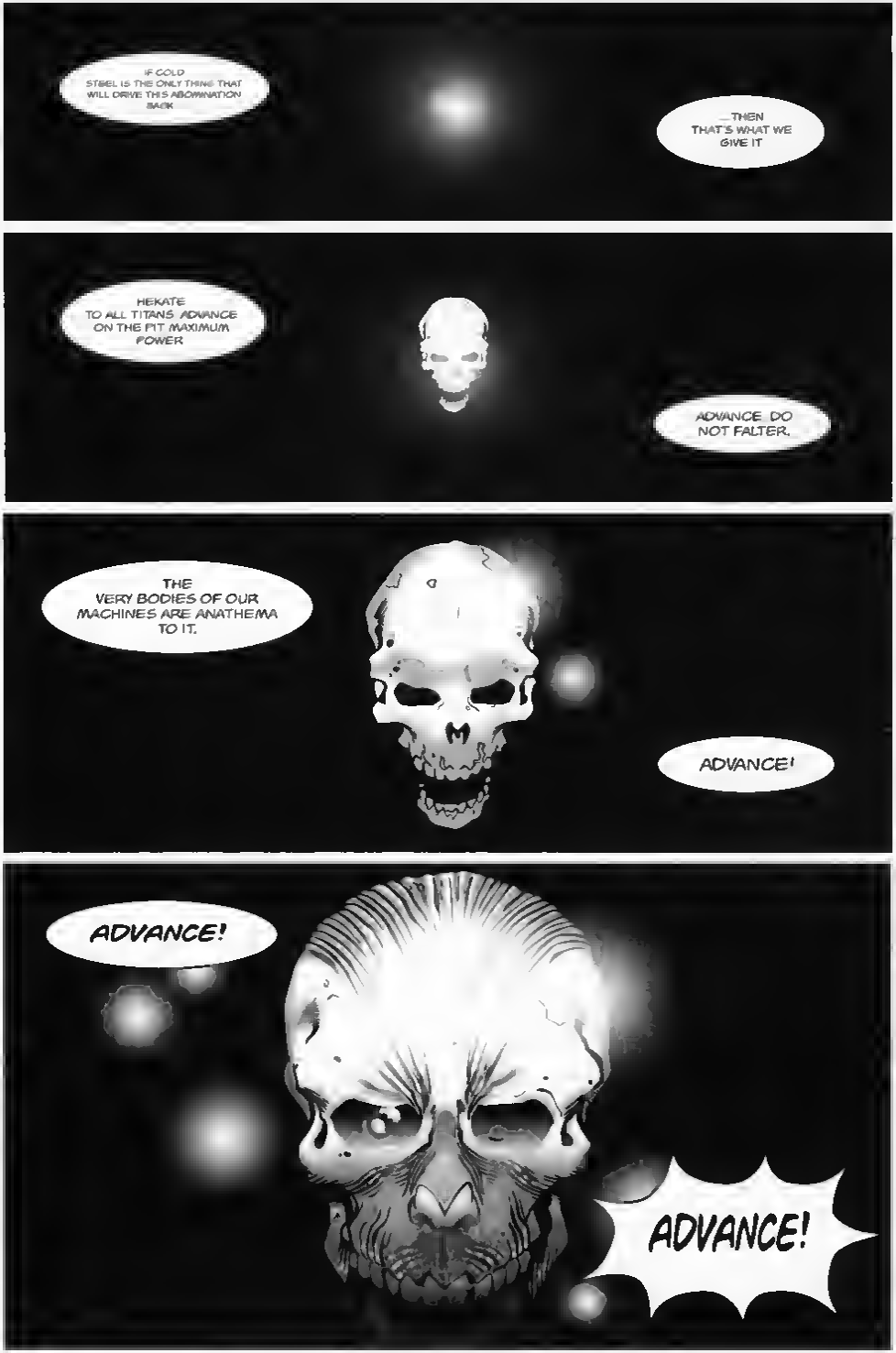
For now, at least

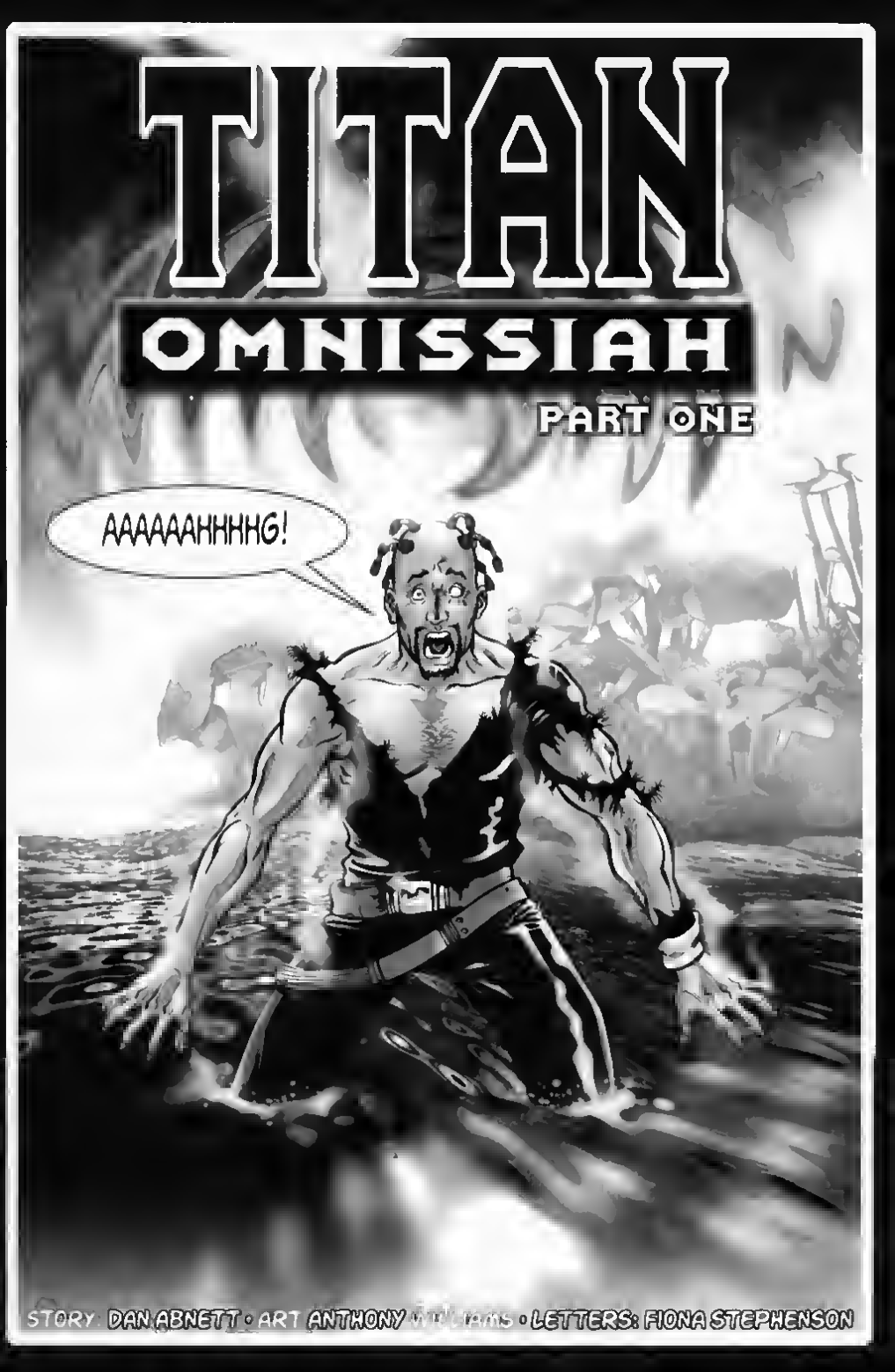
Remember, the biggest threat we face is complacency, and the brave warriors of the Deathweatch deserve more than that from us.

Transcript from a lecture given by Xeno Biologist Neeth Drin, to members of the Ordo Malleus. File withheld for vetting.

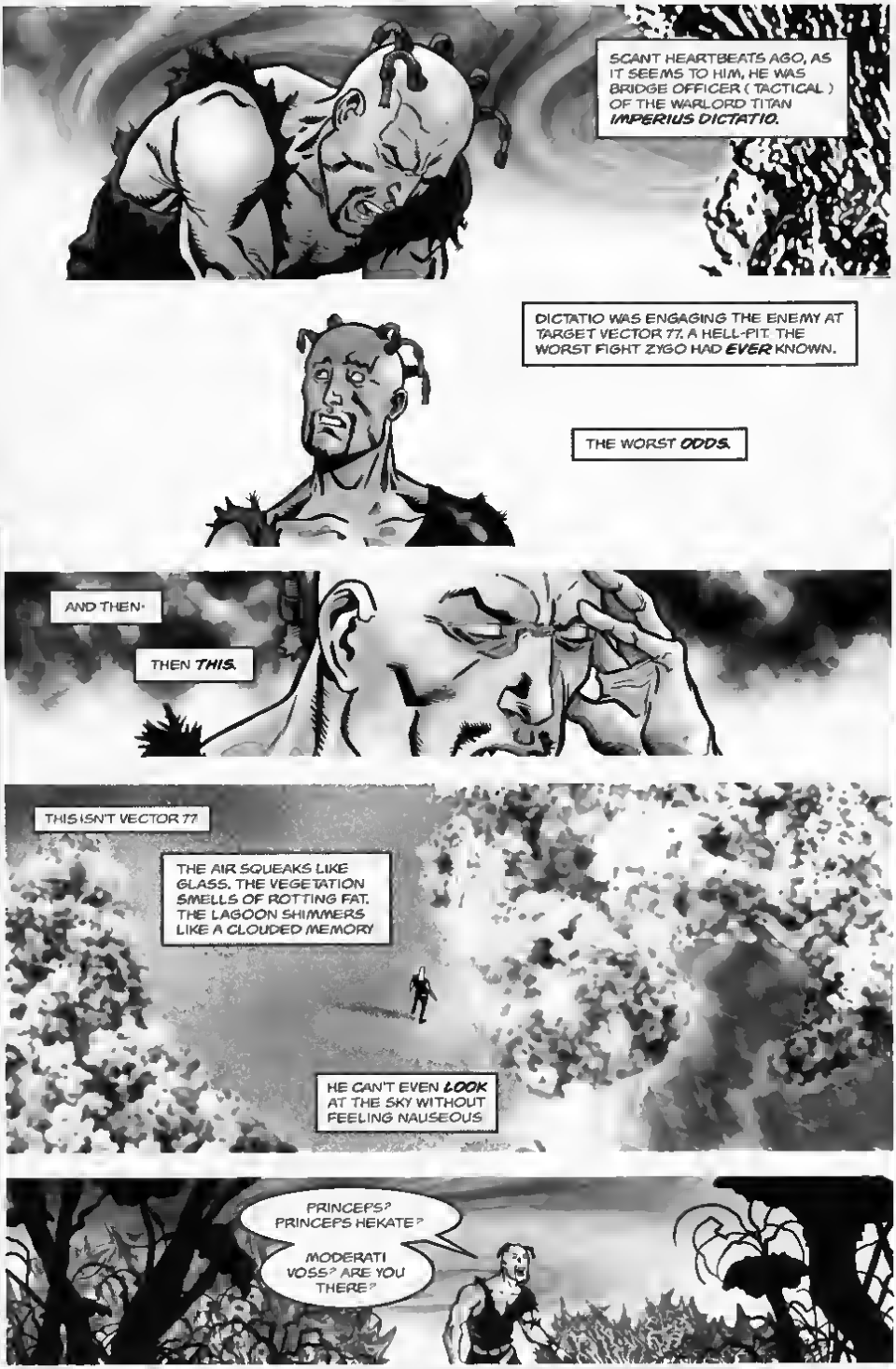
All was lost The xenos scum, who had smashed us for two days straight, were hurtling towards us again. We readied ourselves for death. And then death came Ten Space Marines appeared in the midst of the alien swarm. They were all in black and they set about the foe with the very fury of the Emperor himself! They saved us, and the whole damned imperial line.

Imperial Guardsman Kyod, after the recapture of Helud VII


IF COLD STEEL IS THE ONLY THING THAT WILL DRIVE THIS ABOMINATION BACK
...THEN THAT'S WHAT WE GIVE IT
HEKATE TO ALL TITANS ADVANCE ON THE PIT MAXIMUM POWER
ADVANCE. DO NOT FALTER.
THE VERY BODIES OF OUR MACHINES ARE ANATHEMA TO IT.
ADVANCE!
ADVANCE!
ADVANCE!


TITAN
OMNISSIAH
PART ONE
AAAAAAHHHHG!
STORY DAN ABNETT • ART ANTHONY WILLIAMS • LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON

uhnn!
HIS NAME IS AMUND ZYGO.


SCANT HEARTBEATS AGO, AS IT SEEMS TO HIM, HE WAS BRIDGE OFFICER (TACTICAL) OF THE WARLORD TITAN *IMPERIUS DICTATIO.*
DICTATIO WAS ENGAGING THE ENEMY AT TARGET VECTOR 77, A HELL-PIT. THE WORST FIGHT ZYGO HAD *EVER* KNOWN.
THE WORST *ODDS.*
AND THEN-
THEN *THIS.*
THIS ISN'T VECTOR 77
THE AIR SQUEAKS LIKE GLASS. THE VEGETATION SMELLS OF ROTTING FAT. THE LAGOON SHIMMERS LIKE A CLOUDED MEMORY
HE CAN'T EVEN *LOOK* AT THE SKY WITHOUT FEELING NAUSEOUS
PRINCEPS? PRINCEPS HEKATE?
MODERATI VOSS? ARE YOU THERE?

TAM-TAM
TAM-TAM
TAM-TAM
TAM-TAM
A SOUND
A BEAT.
LIKE A HEARTBEAT. DRUMS.
GETTING CLOSER.
TAM-TAM
TAM-TAM
TAM-TAM
TAM-TAM
TAM-TAM
TAM-
TAM
TAM-TAM
TAM-TAM
TAM-
TAM

ZU-TEH! AGAK!
ZWEH! ZWEH!
ZU-NEH MAH T-HA
ZU-TEH! NAH-ETA!
GGRRRNNNNNDDDDDD!
AII! ZU-MAK!
KHA! KHA-MAH TE!

THE ROAR SCARED THEM OFF
DEEP, ALMOST SUB-SONIC, ZYGO HOPES HE NEVER DISCOVERS WHAT MADE IT
THEN HE DISCOVERS...
...THERE ARE OTHER THINGS HE SHOULD HAVE WISHED FOR FIRST.
GRNNKK!
YAAAH!
NEXT: DEATH WORLD

THE TEN-TAILED CAT IN TALABHEIM KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE CITY AS A GATHERING PLACE FOR RACONTEURS AND THE TELLERS OF TALL TALES
THEY COME TO THE TEN TAILED CAT FOR MANY REASONS. SOME TO BOAST OF THEIR EXPLOITS. SOME TO AMUSE AND ENTERTAIN. OTHERS TO UNBURDEN THEIR SOULS OR PASS ON DIRE WARNINGS...
...AND SOME COME IN DESPERATE HOPE OF REFUSE.
THAT WAS THE HOPE WHICH BROUGHT ADOLPHUS ZAUBER TO THE TEN TAILED CAT THAT NIGHT
BROUGHT HIM THERE TO LOSE HIMSELF AMONG THE TAVERN'S FAMOUSLY DIVERSE CLIENTELE AND BY DOING SO ELUDE HIS PURSUERS.
OH I HAVE HEARD SOME FINE TALES ON MY TRAVELS, FRIENDS-
sacred flame...
ONLY FOR THE OVERHEARD SOUND OF A SMOOTHLY SPOKEN VOICE TO FILL HIM WITH DISMAY
AS, TO HIS HORROR, ADOLPHUS ZAUBER REALISED HIS ENEMY WAS ALREADY THERE
IN FACT I HAVE ALWAYS SAID IF A MAN TRAVELS FAR ENOUGH HE CANNOT HELP BUT PICK UP A SPLENDID MORSEL OR TWO
BUT THERE IS ONE TALE I WOULD PUT ABOVE ALL OTHERS
THE TALE THEY TELL OF A MAN EVEN MORE WIDELY TRAVELLED THAN MYSELF
...MAN SAID TO HAVE JOURNEYED TO THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE OLD WORLD AND BEYOND AS THE EMISSARY OF A GREATER POWER
THE MAN THEY CALL THE [illegible]...
The Herald's Tale
TALES FROM THE TEN-TAILED CAT
SCRIPT: ANDREW BAINBRIDGE
ART: JON HAYWARD
LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON

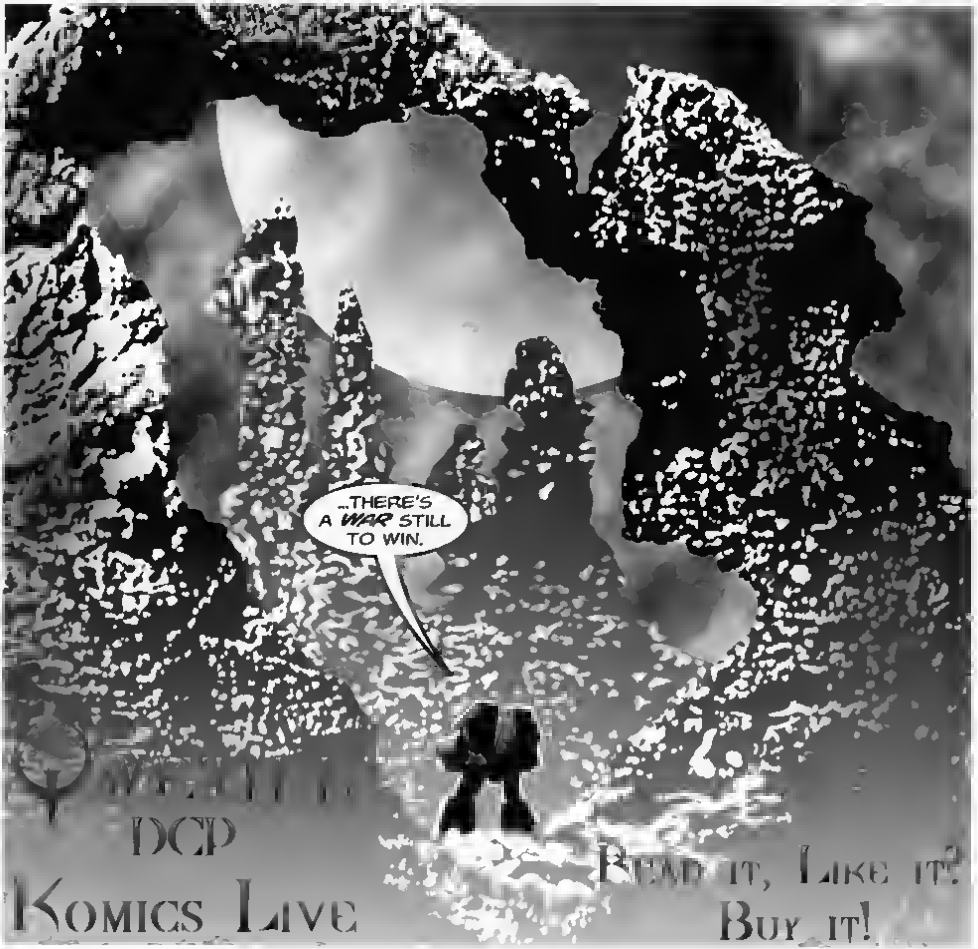
HIS TALE BEGINS IN THE FABLED DARK LANDS, FAR TO THE EAST.
WHEN, AFTER WEEKS OF HARD RIDING, HE CAME AT LAST TO A LONELY TOWER DEEP WITHIN THAT FORBIDDING LANDSCAPE
CAME THERE ON AN ERRAND FOR HIS UNNAMED
THOK THOK THOK!
BUT THIS WAS NO ORDINARY FORTRESS MY FRIENDS
CRRRKK
OF COURSE, TO FIND ANY SETTLEMENT IN THE DARK LANDS IS MIRACLE ENOUGH
THOUGH SOME ARE MORE EXTRAORDINARY THAN MOST
SOUNDLESSLY THE TOWER'S LONG-DEAD GUARDIANS USHERED HIM INSIDE. BEFORE SILENTLY BECKONING TOWARD A STONE MOUTH ABOVE WHICH WAS SET A SIMPLE METAL PLAQUE
BUT THE HERALD KNEW WHAT WAS EXPECTED OF HIM. KNEW IF HE WISHED AN AUDIENCE WITH THEIR MASTER HE MUST FIRST PUT HIS HAND WITHIN THE MOUTH
"AND READ THE SPELL-WORDS WRITTEN ON THE PLAQUE..."
Close then, close, oh mouth of stone. If for murd'rous aim I must atone. Crush this hand come close faster- If it has come to harm thy master
DID THE STONE MOUTH MOVE A FRACTION THEN?

DID ITS GRINDSTONE LIPS WAVER AT THE HERALD'S WORDS?
WHO CAN SAY? FOR THE TOWER'S GUARDIANS WERE MADE ONLY TO FOLLOW SIMPLE AND CLEAR DIRECTIVES, AND SEEING THE STRANGER BRING HIS HAND FROM THE MOUTH INTACT
THEY BROUGHT HIM BEFORE THEIR MASTER
HNN. A VISITOR? AND A BREATHING ONE, AT THAT. TO WHAT DO WE OWE THIS HONOUR?
YOU KNOW WHO I SERVE, NECROMANCER. AND WHY I HAVE COME. MY MASTER WOULD SEE HIS TALISMAN RESTORED
WOULD HE? HE IS DUE A DISAPPOINTMENT. THEN, BREATHING MAN. I HAVE GROWN FOND OF THIS PRETTY TRINKET. AND BESIDES...
IF YOU HAD COME TO HARM ME, YOU WOULD NEVER HAVE PASSED THE TEST OF THE TRUTH SPOKEN MOUTH. HEH. NOT WITHOUT LOSING A HAND, AT LEAST...
YOU ARE FORGETTING ONE THING, LICH. I AM THE HERALD. THE EMISSARY OF A GREATER POWER.
NO... KILL HIM! KILL--
IT WAS MY TASK ONLY TO SEE THAT THE DOOR WAS OPENED
SHHHK
SHHHK
SHHHREKK!!
SO IT ENDED. WITH THE NECROMANCER DEAD, HIS GUARDS CRUMBLED TO DUST. BUT THAT WAS BUT THE FIRST PART OF IT
THERE ARE OTHERS. THINGS WHICH UNFOLD AROUND US EVEN NOW. AND THINGS STILL TO COME

THEY SAY A GREAT CHAMPION HAS RISEN IN THE NORTH
A CHOSEN ONE. THE CHAMPION OF THE POWERS UNDIVIDED, DESTINED TO UNITE THE FOLLOWERS OF THE FOUR GREAT POWERS BENEATH HIS BLOODSTAINED BANNER.
ALREADY HE HAS GATHERED THE SIX GREAT TALISMANS ABOUT HIM. THE MARK. THE ARMOUR. THE EYE. THE STEED. THE SWORD AND THE CROWN.
BUT THERE ARE OTHER, MORE MINOR TALISMANS LESSER MAGICKS WHICH MAY BE OF USE TO HIM IN HIS GREAT WORK.
AND SO AGENTS HAVE BEEN SENT TO FIND THEM.
COME OUT AND FACE ME! I KNOW YOU'RE THERE!
DO YOU HEAR ME, DAMN YOU!
SOME SKILLED IN THE WAYS OF THE POWERS.
SHHHK
SOME, LIKE THE HERALD, SKILLED IN THE WAYS OF SHADOW.
I KNOW Y- AAAAHHHH!!
SHHH

I THINK YOU'D BETTER LEAVE WHILE YOU CAN STILL WALK OUT THAT DOOR ON YOUR OWN TWO FEET.
YOU TRYING TO BRING THE WITCH HUNTERS DOWN ON MY PLACE?
AS YOU WISH, MY FRIEND. I HAVE NEVER BELIEVED IN OUTSTAYING MY WELCOME.
AND, TO THINK
I HAD HEARD THIS WAS THE TAVERN FOR TALES.
YOU HAVE DONE WELL, MY PETS.
OUR MASTER WOULD BE PLEASED.
KLIK
BUT COME. WE MUST HIDE IN SHADOW A WHILE LONGER. ONLY ONE MORE PIECE TO BE RECOVERED AND THE TALISMAN WILL BE RESTORED.
ONE MORE PIECE
AND OUR WORK HERE WILL BE DONE.
THE END

REPENT!
FOR TOMORROW YOU DIE!
...enter the Eye of Terror
in next month's Warhammer Monthly


...THERE'S A WAR STILL TO WIN.
DCP
KOMICS LIVE
READ IT, LIKE IT?
BUY IT!